Table of Contents

1. Allegiances
2. Prologue
3. Chapter 1
4. Chapter 2
5. Chapter 3
6. Chapter 4

Allegiances

F L A M E C L A N

LEADER:
Flamestar- Dark ginger tabby tom with flame red tabby markings, chest, belly, and paws with forest green eyes.

DEPUTY:
Jumpingjay- Blue/gray tom with black stripes and blue eyes.

MEDICINE CAT:
Ashcloud- Dark gray she-cat with a black patch over one eye and a black muzzle and dark blue eyes. -Voletail

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE:
Voletail- Brown tom with ruffled fur and a long tail with brown eyes. -Ashcloud

WARRIORS:
Blankheart- White she-cat with brown patches and dark blue eyes.

Duststorm- Dark brown tom with green eyes.

Lurkingshadow- Dark gray tom with ragged fur, a missing eye and a crooked paw with amber eyes.

Reedwater- Black tom with ice blue eyes. -Bumblepaw

Stormstrike- Light gray tom with brown eyes and faded speckles.

Sparrowdusk- Dark gray tom with a white chest and blue eyes.

Sunpetal- Bright ginger she-cat with lighter stripes and orange eyes.

Deerpath- Light brown she-cat with white speckles and a bobbed white tail and light brown eyes. -Larchpaw

Applefall- Red tom with darker paws and amber eyes.

Acornfall- Dark chocolate tom with dark brown eyes.

Sandpatch- Ginger tom with white speckles and dull green eyes, almost gray. -Applepaw

APPRENTICES:
Bumblepaw- Light gray tom with golden eyes. -Reedwater

Larchpaw- Ginger tom with green eyes. -Deerpath

QUEENS:
Cleardawn- Light ginger she-cat with a white face and underbelly with white paws and pale green eyes. (Expecting)

Featherflight- Light gray she-cat with blue eyes and white paws. (Snowkit and Lilykit)

Tigerflower- Tan she-cat with scar-like dark tabby stripes and amber eyes. (Lizardkit)

ELDERS:
Hawksoar- Brown tabby tom with a white muzzle, white flash on his chest and paws with emerald green eyes.

I C E C L A N

LEADER:
Icestar- Gray/blue she-cat with dark blue eyes.

DEPUTY:
Rainstorm- Gray tabby tom with ice blue eyes.

MEDICINE CAT:
Riversplash- Light gray/blue tom with forest green eyes. -Rabbitpaw

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE:
Rabbitpaw- Brown and white tom with long legs and green eyes. -Riversplash

WARRIORS:
Rainpool- Light gray she-cat with flecks of a blue/gray and pale blue eyes.

Vineswirl- Sandy gray she-cat with a brown speckles dotting her pelt, a swirled/curled tail and forest green eyes.

Brownpatch- White tom with curls in his hair, gray and brown ears and muzzle with a patch of brown near his rump and light brown eyes. -Eaglepaw

Brightpath- White she-cat with extremely light gray patches along her pelt and icy blue eyes.

Cheetahspirit- Brown she-cat with a speckled pelt and dark green eyes.

Snowstone- Pure white tom with a black patch and blue eyes.

Icystream- Light gray/blue she-cat with icy blue eyes.

Hailcrack- Dark gray tom with white patches and amber eyes.

Sootfall- Black tom with amber eyes. -Acornpaw

APPRENTICES:
Eaglepaw- Brown tom with a white chest and pale green eyes. -Brownpatch

Acornpaw- Dark brown tom with a speckled pelt and curled fur with light brown eyes. -Sootfall.

QUEENS:
Bluestorm- Dark gray with a tint of blue she-cat with dark blue eyes. (Cornkit and Lilykit)

ELDERS:
Frostpelt- Light gray she-cat with streaks of white and dark blue eyes.

Foxtail- Black tom with a bushy black tail, white paws, chest, belly, tail tip, and muzzle with dark brown/golden eyes.

D A R K C L A N

LEADER:

Graystar- Gray tom with blue eyes.

DEPUTY:
Snakepath- Skinny light brown tom with flecks of dark brown, speckles, a flash of white for a muzzle and amber/green eyes.

MEDICINE CAT:
Littleclaw- Dark tortoiseshell she-cat with unusual small claws and green eyes. -Seastorm

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE:
Seastorm- Brown tom with patches of gray and blue eyes. -Littleclaw

WARRIORS:
Crowcall- Black tom with dark green eyes. -Elmpaw

Smokecloud- Dark gray tom with a white patch over his eye and extremely dark violet eyes. -Larkpaw

Hollowspirit- Tan tom with green eyes.

Whitepath- Pure white she-cat with a scar-like black mark over above his eye with blue eyes. -Gingerpaw

Falconscreech- Dark brown tom with a white underbelly and forest green eyes.

APPRENTICES:
Gingerpaw- Light ginger she-cat with orange eyes. -Whitepath

Larkpaw- Dark brown tom with a white muzzle and green eyes. -Smokecloud

Elmpaw- Light gray she-cat with dark gray spots and one light yellow eye and one green one. -Crowcall

QUEENS:
Wiltedpetal-Brown she-cat with large black spots and blue eyes.

ELDERS:
Snarlface- Light brown tabby tom with a crooked jaw and amber

eyes.

Birdflight- Pale gray she-cat with a black paw and green eyes.

A I R C L A N

LEADER:
Airstar- White tom with a light gray tail and light blue eyes.

DEPUTY:
Windfoot- White tom with big splotchy black patches and golden eyes.

MEDICINE CAT:
Spottedsnow- Tortoiseshell she-cat with golden eyes. -Leafcloud

MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE:
Leafcloud- White she-cat with brown patches and leaf green eyes. -Spottedsnow

WARRIORS:
Bumbleflight- Light gray tabby tom with light blue eyes. -Raggedpaw

Cherrydrop- Dark ginger tabby she-cat with orange eyes and curled ears.

Kestrelsplash- Light brown/tan tabby tom with golden eyes.

Nettlespike- Black tom with a shade of dark brown and amber eyes. -Yellowpaw

Silverdusk- Silver she-cat with bright blue eyes.

Cedersnake- Dark gray/silver she-cat with amber eyes.

Leopardleap- Dark brown tabby she-cat with thick spots and stripes and green eyes.

Mouseberry- Brown tom with a dark brown tail and legs with golden eyes.

APPRENTICES:
Yellowpaw- Light ginger she-cat with golden eyes. -Nettlespike

Raggedpaw- Dark ginger tom with bright blue eyes and white stripes and ragged fur. -Bumbleflight

QUEENS:
Dawnsky- Bright gray she-cat with a weird shade of blue/orange spread across her pelt and violet eyes. (Blizzardkit)

ELDERS:
Rattail- Brown tom with ruffled fur and round gray eyes and a thin tail.

Glowingwave- Ginger she-cat with thick white stripes going from her neck to her flank and bright blue eyes.

O U T S I D E R S

Missing Foot- Brown tom with no tail and three legs, extremely sharp claws with forest green eyes. (**ROGUE**)

Twix- Small brown she-cat with streaks of black starting from her head to her tail and a cream belly with golden eyes. (**KITTYPET**)

Prologue

The starlit sky shown as clouds hugged themselves around the moon, enveloping it into its presence and making the light that shimmered on the forest more transparent.

The ongoing struggle of maintaining my stress continued, even now while I lay silently in the darkness of the nursery.

Expecting kits was difficult. Not being able to feel stressed, pain, anger... It was much harder than I had expected and I was not prepared to have to be so collected with my mood.

While I lounged in the still night, I soon noticed the faint figure of my mate, Sparrowdusk, padding towards me with a willing smile. "Hello, Cleardawn. How are you?" He asked gently, nuzzling my cheek and curling up besides me.

I gave him a weak grin. "I'm doing okay. This whole 'staying in control' thing is difficult for me, but other than that, I'm never better." I sighed, giving him a tired glance.

He met my gaze with his soft blue orbs, twitching his whiskers as he strayed his tongue across my muzzle. "You're doing great."

I chuckled, shrugging slightly and resting my head on my snowy white paws.

I noticed his smile grow when he glanced at my swollen belly, making me quickly hide my obese pregnant stomach. "Stop. You're making me uncomfortable."

He swatted me with his paw playfully. "Please. You're beautiful."

I blushed. "I'm serious, Sparrowdusk. I've never liked touchy things. Stop." I mumbled, placing a paw on my muzzle to hide my face.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop." He whispered, placing his tail around my back as he shook his head with amusement.

After a few moments I saw Sparrowdusk's head was falling heavy, and I prodded him with paw. "You should get some sleep." I suggested.

He gave me a swift, thankful glance as he knew I detected his sleepiness, and he got to his paws, gently brushing his tail across my stomach and giving me a sweet smile before padding away into the clouded camp.

I watched him go before he disappeared into the thick fog, soon resting my tail along my stomach for warmth.

I gave a grudging glance over at my sister, who was sleeping soundly with her two kits, Snowkit and Lilykit, curled along her stomach, the brisk breeze buffeting their moonlit pelts.

It infuriated me that Featherflight would ever consider renaming her kit after our mother, after all she had done to us, while the kit always seemed to make me uneasy with her soft blue eyes and sleek white pelt, resembling Snowfall precisely.

I turned my head away from her and rested my gaze on the softly snoring queen of Tigerflower and her one kit, Lizardkit, snuggled against her belly as silky purrs tumbled out of his mouth.

I gave a cheeky smile, feeling the excitement of being a mother warm up inside of me.

I remembered the time when I watched Swiftbird give birth to Bumblepaw and Larchpaw, and how I felt the joy of one day becoming a mother of my own.

Unfortunately now, both the apprentices' parents were dead, and I could only feel the pain for the two toms as they mourned for Swiftbird and Lionclaw's death.

Before closing my eyes, I peeked above my paws to stare at the darkness of the recovering camp.

The search for Snowfall had been overwhelming me for the past few moons and I dreaded the day when they would find out.

As the moon continued to shimmer down onto a small pond in the middle of camp, reflecting figures of huddled cats who were discussing something I was unaware about, I soon managed to shut my eyes and fall into a restless sleep.

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I could feel the wind battering at my fur, making it flail behind me in attempt to stay secure.

I stared down at my paws to feel sticky mud clinging to them, and soon I noticed that blood trickled down from my chest fur.

I fearfully glanced upwards, sighting a large, rolling tornado ahead as it swirled, creating the wind that made my pelt wave in the air.

My eyes stretched wide in fear and I took a small step backwards.

The slight shower of water alerted me it was raining, and my pelt almost immediately became wet and sleek.

I watched as the trees around me were picked up and carried away, and I turned, watching the tornado despicably as it destroyed everything in its path.

Soon I caught the sight of Sparrowdusk and four small kits, all huddled together as they stared fearfully up at the roaring storm.

I stared in horror and shrieked, reaching my paw forward in attempt to save them, but it was no use.

My paws firmly stayed in place in the mud, my body slowly sinking into its depths.

I yowled for help, struggling against the force as I watched desperately as my family gathered together.

Duststorm... Featherflight... Sparrowdusk... Sandpatch... Reedwater... Stormstrike...

Flamestar.

I wailed at them to leave, to try and escape, but they didn't take notice of me.

I watched helplessly as more and more of my Clanmates appeared randomly around the other assembled cats, my mind whirling with fear as they all stared at the tornado that loomed over them all.

"No! Please! Get out of here!" I yowled, my eyes clouded as dust started sprinting in my direction.

"You wish to be saved, Cleardawn? To save the ones you love most? To rescue them?" Came an anonymous, low and loud voice that echoed around the demolished forest.

I froze in shock as I noticed the familiar pelt of Snowfall, her fur matted with blood as it dripped from her wounds and conjoined with the rain, alongside Snowkit, as they gradually padded towards me with narrowed eyes.

I stared despicably at Featherflight's daughter, my eyes round in surprise to see the small kit standing next to such a powerful and evil cat.

"What do you want from me?" I yowled over the raging winds, my ears flapping and droplets of rain spattering in my eyes.

"What I've always wanted, Cleardawn." Snowfall spoke solemnly. "Suffering."

"Snowfall, please. You don't understand. These cats... I need them! Please don't do this!" I wailed, my eyes watering in fear.

"Oh Cleardawn, Cleardawn." Snowfall spoke humorously. "You don't *need* them. You just want them. For company."

"No! That's not true!" I protested over the wind, the mud already halfway up my body.

"Don't be ridiculous." Snowfall hissed, her eyes dark. "You rejected Flamestar! You despised Sandpatch! You never cared about Featherflight, nor Duststorm! You never noticed Reedwater, let alone your whole Clan! You only used Stormstrike, and you only

like Sparrowdusk, not love. What a mother you'll make to these helpless, innocent kits." Snowfall exclaimed, slowly moving her gaze to the four huddled kits that hid underneath Sparrowdusk and another faceless, shadowy cat that I didn't seem to recognize that suddenly appeared.

"Th-That's not true! I love them all!" I objected, my lungs pleading for air as it seemed to drain out of me.

"Don't lie, Cleardawn." Snowfall cooed, her soft voice making me remember the old times when I was just a kit. "I know you never liked lies."

"Snowfall..." I whispered slowly, my mind and words trailing off as I watched as the faceless figure left the gathered cats behind and slowly padded away, the kits wailing for it from behind. "Who is that?"

"Of course. Changing the subject." Snowfall snorted, watching gleefully as the shadowed figure disappeared into a bright glare. "That my dear, is you."

"No..." I whispered. "It can't be."

"Ah, but it is." Snowfall rebuked.

"Is this the future? Am I predicting the future, Snowfall?" I pleaded, my eyes full of dread.

The mud was now up to my neck, and the tornado was swiftly whirling towards the cats I cared about most.

"You are." Snowkit interrupted, her voice identical to Snowfall's. "This is the future you have decided to follow."

"Decided?" I asked bluntly, "I never *decided* this!"

"But you have." Snowkit spoke. "You chose the path of a killer, in which makes you one forever."

Before I could object, I watched as the two cats stepped back, disappearing into a bright glare that blinded the corner of my eyes.

I was left with the sight of my family, alone and abandoned as they watched the tornado dreadfully.

The last thing I saw before the mud fully swallowed me, was the tornado suck them into its depths, making them vanish.

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"No!" I shrieked as my head shot up, wetness lining my face as I stared fearfully around the nursery, my breath wheezing in an effort to calm myself.

Featherflight and Tigerflower, along with their kits, all stared at me with fright, and I watched as Snowkit held a straight face, unnerved by my sudden reaction.

I narrowed my eyes at her and I saw my sister defensively step in front of her kit, giving me a warning glance.

"Cleardawn!" I heard the urgent voice of Sparrowdusk call as he bounded towards me. "Are you alright?"

I watched him with a sigh of relief, glad to see him unharmed. "I'm fine. Just a nightmare." I explained.

He gave me an uncertain glance before finally accepting my answer and laying down next to me. "Try and get some more sleep. I'll be right here if you need me."

I gave him a sheepish smile before closing my eyes once more, letting the life of my vision fade away with one last thought still floating in my mind;

This *cannot* be the future.

(Hey Batcats!
Welcome to Book 2, Cleardawn's Secret!
I hope you enjoyed this Prologue!
I'm so excited to start this exciting journey once more with you all.
Hopefully this is a better described, visually active and senseful book unlike the last (some may think differently).

As always, thanks for reading, sharing, voting, and commenting on this story!
I appreciate it very much!
Stay tuned for Chapter 1!
Peace ✌□□
~Cleo)

Chapter 1

I woke to find the bright screen of light illuminate the shadows that danced in the nursery.

The sun climbed to its highest, sending out rays of burning light to cast a soft glow onto the forest.

A soft figure lay next to me, warming me and making silky purrs tumble out of my closed mouth.

The gray figure twitched next to me, his tail slowly resting on top of my back as I eased into his touch.

Ragged purrs bubbled in his throat, and I felt a rough tongue cast a long stride against my shoulder.

I snickered slightly, shuffling my paws and grinding my teeth.

I gave an exaggerated yawn, hoping that would snap my mate back to his senses from tickling my shoulder which had grown to be my most ticklish area ever since I became pregnant.

When he continued drowsily, I kicked my back legs against his and he jumped in surprise.

He groaned sleepily, rolling on his back and almost tumbling into Tigerflower as if he were a kit.

I chuckled slightly and placed my paws on his chest, rolling him back towards me as he grunted while I did so.

"Stop acting like crow-food. You're not dead. If anything I should be the tired one." I teased, flicking my tail along his nose.

He sneezed as I did so. "I hate you." He lied, twisting his back in order to scratch it, his paws hanging in the air while his eyes closed.

"Get up!" I hissed, grunting in the effort to get him to his paws.

"No." He replied sassily. "I stay here. I'm your kit now." He gave a small smile and winked at me before returning to his scratching.

I groaned, rolling my eyes and plopping down next to him in defeat.

He smiled in triumph. "I won this time." He meowed, getting to his paws and simply walking out as his tail lingered around my face.

I was left with my jaws open, angered by how simple that could've been.

After a few moments I shrugged it off, curling back up into a bundle and resting my head on the spongy moss that lay beneath me.

My eyes lingered on Snowkit as she stared at me ominously while snuggling against Featherflight's gray belly.

I gave a wary glance towards the night sky when she shifted and tried making eye contact.

I didn't like the fact she kept staring me down. It made me anxious and fearful for what could come.

Her gaze... It was so much like Snowfall's when I watched as the color drained out of my mothers' eyes when I killed her... Off of anger.

Who does that? I wondered guiltily, spreading my toes and outstretching my claws so they caught clumps of dirt, letting me poke and prod at the squishy texture.

I grumbled and got up, not being able to handle the ongoing stare of Snowkit, and I started to pad out into the night's glare, having a soft, silvery light glow on my pelt as I walked.

My mind was troubled with regretful thoughts and horrifying assumptions.

I don't know how long I could live in the shadows and try to be something I could never return to being.

I shuddered and let the thought travel across a different path, leading away towards the back of my mind when I felt a soft touch balance on my flank.

Startled, I stiffened slightly, alarmed by the sudden appearance of the cat, which resulted in being Bumblepaw.

I turned toward him curiously, oblivious on to why he was acknowledging me.

He stared at me as if he wanted to speak, but I figured no words could come out as he was too afraid, by the look of his expression, to share his question.

I gave him a confident smile and I figured he realized I was not going to judge him.

"Sorry to bother you so late, Cleardawn, but I can't seem to sleep much at all and Larkpaw has seemed very lost lately. He's like a smaller version of Flamestar." He added humorously, but when I didn't take the joke gleefully, he cleared his throat and continued, now staring at the ground. "But I was wondering if you could help me figure out ways to deal with my loss."

My eyes brightened at the thought of helping a younger cat. It could give me some motherly experience and I could possibly improve two young cats feelings and emotions.

"I'm so glad you came to me. I never knew your parents well but I do know they had strong hearts and were admiringly brave." I whispered, determination clearly in my voice.

Bumblepaw gave a wary smile, obviously unsure if he should feel grateful or weirded-out.

"Going through my experience, I never exactly had a mother in my life, nor a father. Snowfall was only apart of the first few moons of my kithood before she vanished, resulting in me to never see her until moons later. Sandpatch never really paid attention to me or my siblings, and he seemed to completely abandon Duststorm when he became mates with a tom. So I do have some hard experience,

but I have definitely learned from these times and hopefully you won't have to go through the things I had to go through." I explained eagerly, my lungs begging for a break.

Bumblepaw smiled, not in a cheerful way, however. He seemed to really feel bad for me, and he seemed to ease into my shortened life story and relax more.

I gave a small smile before becoming more serious and sitting down delicately, exposing my swollen belly.

You could tell Bumblepaw was trying to ignore it, and I just chuckled. "You don't have to feel nervous. It's just me."

He sighed, seeming relieved, before peering down at my stomach. His eyes widened in surprise at how big I was. "When do you expect?" He asked eagerly, completely forgetting the subject we were previously talking about.

"A few sunrises I believe. I went to Ashcloud last night and announced I'm probably having three to four kits." I announced proudly, the tingly feeling of excitement bubbling up inside of me again.

Bumblepaw murmured a quiet congratulations, obviously interested. "What do you think you'll name them?" He questioned.

I shrugged, unsure of how to answer. "Honestly, I have no idea. I've never even considered it. I guess I've just been mesmerized by the idea of being a mother." I stated truthfully. "We'll have to see when they're born."

Bumblepaw nodded, a bright smile plastered on his face. "I hope I can mentor one when I become a warrior." He whispered, and I noted he tried to make it so I couldn't hear him, which he failed in doing.

"Maybe I'll request it." I suggested, a sly smirk on my face as his expression seemed to darken at the realization that I overheard his hopeful thoughts.

He didn't reply but he did give a brief chuckle.

It got very quiet after a few moments and the original topic we were first talking about came back to me. "Anyways, shall we talk about what you came to me for?"

Bumblepaw looked confused at first but then his face brightened when he realized what I meant. "Oh, yes! I completely forgot." He chuckled, seeming a bit happier.

I smiled and loosened my shoulders to become more comfortable. "Alright. So, Swiftbird died because of the storm while Lionclaw got killed by the Wall, correct?" I clarified, making sure I got everything right.

Bumblepaw nodded.

Ever since the ancient wall of Fourledges collapsed, the leaders started calling the tragedy the Wall.

Cats from each Clan have been assigned each moon to check up on the recovering Fourledges by helping out the previous progression of the rebuilding.

Ever since the Wall had happened, Ashcloud has not received any signs from StarClan, and the Clan has fallen in the theory that our ancestors really have abandoned FlameClan and Flamestar.

"Okay." I started, taking in a deep breath to prepare myself for the long list of things I could advise. "The first thing you need to do is realize that your parents will always be with you. You should never feel alone because they are in StarClan, watching down over you, even if our ancestors haven't contacted us yet. They will remain in your and Larkpaw's heart forever. Second thing, try and find cats who can help you through this loss. For example, you can be a helpful influence on Larkpaw so he can start to get over his and your loss. Third thing, don't forget to remember the great and wise things your parents taught you. Don't be sad because they're gone, smile because they lived great lives. Fourth thing, do something you enjoy. Go hunting or go running or play. It doesn't matter, just do what you love and your mind will soon clear of any emotions. Last but not least, stay strong. Tell yourself you love your parents just as much as they love you. Tell yourself they're still with you and tell

yourself that you are not alone." I breathed, my lungs heaving and scrambling for air.

Bumblepaw seemed astonished at how well I advised him. He gave a flash of a smile and dipped his head gratefully. "Thank you, Cleardawn. I will use these tips from now on. I appreciate your time and effort." He whispered, his eyes twinkling with hope.

I exchanged him with a gleaming smile, pride washing through me as I could tell I had helped him. "Good. I'm glad I could help you. Please pass these on to Larkpaw since he seems very saddened by the deaths. I know you can move on." I praised.

He nodded. "I will. Also, I may be struggling now, but I know you've been through worse and you've moved on and now you have this great family. Considering your strength, I know I will be able to move on too."

I smiled at his intentional comment. "I'm glad you noticed my experience to say this."

He grinned smugly. "Take care, Cleardawn. I hope to talk to you soon." He called as he started to pad away towards the apprentices den.

I waved my tail in farewell. "Tell Larkpaw I wish him the greatest of luck, too!"

I watched as he gave me a visible nod before vanishing into the shadows of the apprentices den.

I sat there for a moment in silence. I didn't really know what to expect from that first time experience, but I had to say I was pretty impressed with myself.

I've never gave advice about any sort of problem before, from what I recall, so I was admired by my enthusiasm in helping others.

I breathed a chuckle, a small smile on my face as I looked to my right, staring into the darkness of the on-growing forest.

Our camp has greatly improved with its recovery from the Bolt, also

known as the storm that killed many of our warriors. FlameClan came up with the name when another storm hit, a few moons ago just after Snowfall 'disappeared'. FlameClan's cats were so frightened by the lightning bolts size and strength because of the previous, deadly storm, that they were sure all of the Clans would be destroyed. That's why they nicknamed it the Bolt, after the terrifying existence of lightning and thunder.

The second warriors den, where Lilyflower and Swiftbird had died along with the many other warriors, was fully rebuilt and much more stable and secure than before.

Minor fractures that were made from the storm have been fixed, making it seem as if no damage had ever happened.

As I sat in the silence of the night, listening to frogs croaking and birds quietly chirping, I remembered Fourledges yet again.

I have yet to visit the Gathering Place, to help rebuild it, and I've grown more nervous as everyday goes by.

The memory of Flamestar mourning for all his lost Clan-mates kept buzzing in my mind, making me feel wary of ever seeing that place again.

Hopefully it will be rebuilt more sturdily with no chance of another tragedy.

After a moment, I got up, gazing around the almost recovered camp before slowly padding towards the nursery.

My paws have grown sore from walking with this huge fatty belly, and it's made me weaker and more unprepared for whatever could happen.

I grumbled, telling myself it would all be worth in the end. After all, I would get to call myself a mother, which is pretty amazing.

(Hey Batcats!
Sorry for the long delay in updating. I've been really sidetracked with WattyClans XD
I thank you for your patience.

I hope you enjoyed Chapter 1!
Thank you for ALREADY almost 700 reads.
That's pretty impressive considering there are only 2 parts in the story XD
Also, I won't be putting media up until Cleardawn's kits are born.
Anyways, thank you for reading, sharing, voting, and commenting on my story.
It means a lot!
Peace ✌🏻□□
~Cleo)

Chapter 2

Shafts of morning light filtered into the nursery, creating a soft glow to shimmer down on the smooth grass floor.

I purred as I felt the warmth seep through my fur, my throat rumbling as I comfortably lay on my squishy moss bedding.

I felt a soft prodding against my shoulder, making me grumble and curl more tightly into an awkwardly shaped ball.

A chuckle rumbled through the nursery, making my whiskers twitch curiously, but I still refused to open my eyes.

"Cleardawn." Sparrowdusk's silky voice purred softly, his warm breath tickling my ear.

I held back my smile by covering my muzzle with a paw, squeezing my eyes shut more tightly.

"Cleardawn!" Sparrowdusk whispered more urgently.

I grumbled and looked up, annoyed that he had disrupted my peaceful 'sleep'.

The bright sunlight blinded my gaze, flashing white specks in my vision as I stared up at my mate.

His sleek gray fur shimmered in the morning's sunlight, reflecting off with a shade of white while his luminous blue eyes glimmered.

I gave him a small smile, my eyes feeling as if they would run away and hide in a shaded corner because the sun was so brilliant.

My mate gave a soft purr as he helped me to my paws, shielding me from the sun with his body.

I gave him a thankful glance, my eyes shimmering with gratitude for how kind Sparrowdusk had become ever since I found out I was

expecting kits.

He exchanged me with a smile, resting his long tail along my back as he slowly guided me outside into the open.

My eyes widened as many cats were piling in and out of camp, gathering around Jumpingjay who rapidly organized patrols.

I smirked slightly, happy that the Clan seemed to have moved on from the terrifying scenes that had happened just moons ago.

With Snowfall 'disappearing' again, the Bolt, and the Wall, I was pretty impressed at how well FlameClan still managed to stay structured.

I noticed Acornfall and Stormstrike heading towards the camp entrance, waiting patiently for what I guessed was more cats.

As I continued to watch, I noticed Larkpaw follow them, his tail dragging against the ground.

I frowned slightly, disappointed to see the brown tom still sulking.

I was about to go and acknowledge, but I was stopped when a sudden voice echoed through my perked ears.

I turned my head to be greeted by the sight of Volepaw, a bright expression clear in his eyes.

I smiled at the medicine cat apprentice, my mind clearing of Larkpaw. "Hi, Volepaw! How are you?"

Volepaw purred. "Better than ever! How are you doing?"

I gave a cheerful smile. "I'm great! I'm so excited to meet my kits." I whispered, my voice trembling with excitement.

Volepaw chuckled before padding up to me and guiding me away towards the medicine cats den. "I'm glad you're doing good. Some she-cats usually don't enjoy their pregnancy, but by your cheerful self I can tell you don't really care."

"Not much." I meowed, shaking my paw when I accidentally stepped in a pile of mud. "I guess I'm just trying to stay positive so Sparrowdusk doesn't freak out."

Volepaw laughed, a bright gleam in his eyes as we entered into the medicine cats den.

When I entered, I realized the last time I had been in here was when I was demanding for Ashcloud to come out and help the supposed 'Snowfall'.

I scoffed to myself, thinking how cowardly I was back then before I fully examining the den.

It was large cave, filtered with beams of bright light that streaked across the stone walls.

Small pools were dotted across the smooth, gray ground and piles of herbs were stored in a small pocket in the stone.

I blinked when I noticed the dancing vines hanging from above, twirling and spinning as the wind casted sharp strides.

Volepaw smiled up at me, his eyes twinkling as the sun beamed down on his dark brown pelt. "You usually don't come here, only when you're in pain."

I nodded, smiling slightly as I sat down on a comfy bed of moss. "I don't think I ever paid attention to Ashcloud's den until just now."

Volepaw breathed a chuckle, padding towards a pile of herbs and slowly picking them up in his jaws before padding over to me. "Eat this."

"What is it?" I asked, poking at the dark colored seeds and sniffing at them.

"Really, Cleardawn? These are poppy seeds.. I've given them to you many times before; it helps you sleep." Volepaw explained, twitching his whiskers in amusement.

"Oh. I forgot." I mused.

"I can see." Volepaw chuckled, before staring at me. "Now eat them."

I nodded and bent my head down, lapping at the tasteless, hard seeds before swallowing them and fully lounging down on the comfortable bed of moss.

"I'll let Ashcloud take care of you now." Volepaw announced before waving his tail in farewell and disappearing out of the den.

I scuffled my paws excitedly as he left.

Hopefully today was the day where I'd find out when I was to finally meet my kits and how many I was expecting.

From past appointments, Ashcloud has been hinting that I could go in labor at any moment, but it's not completely accurate.

As I sat with my thoughts, the rustling of the overhanging vines snapped me out of my frenzy of assumptions, making me automatically glance up.

The dark figure of Ashcloud stood in front of me, her gray pelt reflecting off light as it poured in from the den.

I smiled at her. "Hello, Ashcloud!" I greeted friendlily.

She gave me a curt nod in response, not really bothering to acknowledge my presence as she padded over to the batch of herbs tucked underneath the small stone hole.

She returned a few moments later, her movements seeming distracted.

"Are you okay?" I asked softly, my gaze drifting to a more substantial expression.

"Fine." She responded blandly, dropping the herbs in front of my paws.

"Ashcloud?" I asked, making her stop in her tracks. "I've already taken these."

The medicine cat looked surprised, but soon padded back and placed them where they were stored moments ago.

"Okay. Well, you're good for now." Ashcloud reported, swishing her tail in dismissal.

"Do you know when my kits are due and how many I'm expecting?" I asked eagerly before exiting the den.

"Your kits should be here in a few sunrises. As for how many you're having..." She trailed off, padding towards me and directing me to lay on my back.

I never liked the feeling of having my spine being crushed by my oversized belly, but for the time being I didn't exactly care.

She pressed down lightly, yet it still felt uncomfortable.

She seemed to be thinking thoroughly before she removed her paws and helped me back up.

"It appears that you'll be having three." Ashcloud announced with a wide smile.

I squealed. "Perfect! I'll have to tell Sparrowdusk right away."

I quickly skidded out of the den, not caring about my embarrassing, swaying stomach.

The excitement overwhelmed me so deeply, that when I took off into a clumsy run once more, I toppled into Acornfall.

He growled lightly, not threateningly, but warningly.

I apologized with a small, sheepish smile, before, more steadily, swerving through the wave of cats and perching my head to look for the familiar face of Sparrowdusk.

When I spotted his dark, perky face, I pummeled towards him, my feet clucking underneath me and shaking the ground.

Sparrowdusk, obviously startled by the loud noise, turned his

towards me just before I skidded to a stop before I toppled into him.

He glared at me amusedly, flicking his tail and shaking his paw of the wet mud that I had splattered onto his sleek pelt.

I chuckled. "Sorry." I murmured.

He shrugged. "No biggie. Why do you look so cheerful all of a sudden?"

I smirked, curling my tail along his face and making him give me a strange look. "Well?"

"I know when I'm due and how many kits we're having." I whispered, my whiskers quivering in excitement.

Sparrowdusk's eyes widened in disbelief. "Well then, tell me!" He instructed, his face becoming obscure.

I took my time to sit down, letting the wind brush through my pelt.

Sparrowdusk kneaded the ground eagerly.

I chuckled before clearing my throat and staring straight into his eyes. "I'm due in a few sunrises, and we're having three kits."

Sparrowdusk's smile escalated, a sudden gleam sparking in his blue orbs. "That's amazing!" He cheered, licking my cheek.

I smiled with him and he swished his tail, looking up towards the beaming sun.

I followed his gaze.

The horizons were a purple-orange, clouds hugging around the trace of blue that was left in the sky.

The expanse of colors that reflected off the clouds shimmered greatly, casting a soft, beautiful glow onto Sparrowdusk's dark pelt.

I stared at him for a long period of time before he noticed me. "Do you like what you see?" He snickered.

I hissed at him playfully. "Shut up."

He smirked but didn't reply, and I gazed back at the beautiful horizons that I could call home.

I sighed happily.

I felt my life was in place. I was going somewhere, StarClan was leading me in the right direction.

I felt happy and free, but there was still that guilt that overwhelmed me, and the shame that would never leave me alone.

All was good now, but would it be in the future?

The thought surfaced in my mind for a long moment before I finally let out a distraught hiss.

Thankfully, Sparrowdusk didn't take notice, and I continued to sit in the pool of shame that haunted me -- in the pool of unending realization that I was a killer.

(Hey Batcats!
Sorry for the wait... I kinda lost my mojo. I'll try to update more often but I've been really distracted with WattyClans and personal issues, so I'm sorry.
Anyways, I hope you enjoyed this chapter.
As you can see, Cleardawn's kits will be arriving soon and I'm very excited to introduce you to them!
I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and as always, thanks for voting, sharing, commenting, and reading this story!
I'm completely shocked that this story already has over 1k views and I've only posted two chapters.
Love you, peace✌🏻□□
-Cleo)

Chapter 3

It was late, close to moon-high. My jaws were aching from the weight I was holding and I felt the tiredness creeping up my eyelids.

The little light left stretched its bright arms across the sky in a soothing hug, bringing clouds closer to its presence which resulted in a slight fog that hovered patiently over the surface of the moon.

The trees danced while the wind whisked around its dark colored leaves, a shower of them pouring down to the ground, followed by a few broken twigs and branches.

My jaws stretched wide in a relieving yawn as I made my way over to a cozy, warm spot near the edge of camp.

A few cats were scattered around, but the majority of them were sleeping peacefully in their dens.

I, however, was receiving unending, restless sleep because my dreams were filled with dark images, so I usually came outside to catch a cool breeze to blow through my stiff fur in order to calm me down.

The dream I had just a few sunrises ago about Snowkit and Snowfall still had me shaken. It was as if it were really happening, like I was watching over the future. It was such a frightening feeling. What if that bright figure really was me?

I could feel the cold shivers running down my spine and my paws slowly becoming numb as I thought about it. I sent a silent, quick prayer to StarClan that it wasn't me who abandoned my family to a devastating storm and left them to die and fend for themselves.

I could feel my shoulders becoming stiff in fear and when I came back to reality, I shook my pelt out and curled my paws underneath my chest and just observed... Something I haven't done in many moons.

The camp was almost complete again. It wasn't the same feel or look as it was before that horrible storm happened, but it still felt safe and warm.

The last remaining cats soon made their way to the den and the ones closest to me gave me a curt nod to say goodnight, which I politely mimicked back.

I could feel my skin buzzing from the cool air, and I started to shiver. I ruffled my fur more, making it feel as if a heavy bundle of feathers was lying on top of me.

I could slowly feel the urge to close my eyes, but I managed to keep them open just in time to spot Flamestar climbing outside his den in dead silence.

I blinked my eyes to get a clearer view. He was looking frantically around camp as in attempt to escape, and it had me suspicious. What was he up to?

He slowly started to stalk towards the camp entrance and past the snoozing guard who watched over at night. I was surprised by this. Usually he would wake them up and order them to take a quick walk to wake themselves up more, but he didn't even seem to care about that.

I watched with narrowed eyes. I was conflicted on whether or not to follow him. I was telling myself he was probably just going for a night walk, to get his mind off things and just release stress, but deep inside I felt it was something much deeper than that, so I decided to break Sparrowdusk's orders (to stay in camp at all times, especially at night) and go after Flamestar.

I stood, first wobbling because of my weight, and then ungracefully bouncing across camp towards the entrance of camp. As I got closer, I soon recognized the face of Applefall. I chuckled in amusement as I stumbled passed him, surprised he didn't awaken when I accidentally stepped on a crinkled leaf.

As I thought about the ginger tom, I started to remember how we used to be kinda close. I deeply wished I could go back to those

sunrises where I was innocent, focused and independent. But, sadly, those days were gone. I had to face reality, and so far right now reality didn't like me too much.

As I trailed off with my thoughts, I realized I was tripping over bramble and branches and that I also had light scratches on my forelegs which caused a light stinging. I stopped and looked at my surroundings, before starting to walk left, where I could pick up Flamestar's scent.

His smell was getting stronger and stronger every paw-step I took, and I noticed I was getting closer to the border between IceClan and FlameClan.

I paused. What was he doing so close over here? I had an itchy feeling he was overthinking things and was going to cause trouble, which bestowed a dark cloud of fear that was bubbling up inside me.

I quickened my pace, trying to keep my balance as I felt my paws slipping from all the weight I was carrying. I could start to hear quiet muttering and the familiar scent of Flamestar, so I slowly came to a stop behind a clump of flowers.

I poked my nose through the prickly stems and surveyed the area through the many ridges that were around. A couple of fox lengths away was Flamestar, crouching down near a puddle and looking down at himself with his ears flattened.

I watched his fiery red pelt glimmer in the moonlight, bright speckles dancing all around. He was not moving, though, just staring down at his reflection and facing away from me.

"I know you're there, Cleardawn." His croaky voice spoke after a few moments went by. I stiffened in surprise. I saw his head turn slightly so now I could see half of his face.

I gradually retreated from my hiding spot and stood, awkwardly stepping towards him with my head bowed in embarrassment.

He made eye contact with me for a short moment before turning

back around and gazing out into the forest. I joined him, sitting next to him and looking up at him. When he didn't budge, I followed his gaze, "what are you looking at?" I asked quietly.

He didn't reply for a while and for a second I thought he hadn't heard me, until finally he answered with a hard voice, "nothing." I know what he meant by that; he was just thinking, thinking so hard his eyes blacked out and all he could see were his thoughts.

We didn't say a word after that because I could tell he was still pondering on whatever he was previously checking out on, and I let him do that in peace and quiet.

After a while of silence, I could feel my eyes starting to blur, and unintentionally close for abnormally long periods of time. I was about to make my way back to camp and get some rest, until (coincidentally) Flamestar got up and groggily started walking away. My senses buzzed when I saw movement, and I quickly swerved my head over to see where he was heading. Soon after I got up and chased after, making sure he wasn't going to get into any trouble.

"Where are we going?" I questioned, however I wasn't expecting him to answer.

We continued walking for what seemed like ages, and I felt my pads getting cracked from walking on dry ground and bulky sticks and sharp stones.

As I was so worried about the pain in my paws, I hadn't realized the amount of scratches Flamestar had all along his body from the stubborn branches hanging low. One wound was really bad. In fact, there was a small piece of wood sticking out of his fur from the bleeding scratch that made a small, wavy stream down his side.

I halted almost instantly after noticing his carelessness for himself. "Flamestar, what are doing walking into the most difficult obstacles when there are easier ways to get around? Don't you see you're all scratched up?"

As I had sadly expected, Flamestar only mumbled a 'yes' and never

bothered to stop and wait for me, or to even glance back once. I huffed an aggravated sigh. I didn't understand what was happening to Flamestar. He was slowly and painfully falling apart, for understandable reasons, however his actions were a bit exaggerated. A leader should be the one to stand up and help the clan in rough patches and get through it step by step, but he was the complete opposite. For many days he wouldn't come out of his den, not once, to check up on his recovering clan. It's as if he had just given up, and the remaining hope I had for him and his recovery was slowly fading away. I truly do believe that we not only have lost him, but he has also lost himself.

I lagged behind this time, the pain in my pads slowly fading as I felt my mind lingering on what would happen when Flamestar was no longer capable of being a leader. I watched his as he swerved from side to side, stumbling through sharp branches and stepping on the worst stones deliberately. Why was he doing this to himself?

After what seemed like a century, Flamestar had finally stopped just a few fox lengths away from the thunder path that divided FlameClan from IceClan. It was dead silent, no monsters in sight, but I still had a slight concern for why we were here.

"Flamestar." I spoke, my voice quivering and my breath coming out in wisps of grey clouds from the cold air.

He ignored me again, and sat down and stared straight ahead at the black pavement, then lifted his gaze up to the shimmering stars that casted a silver glow down onto his pelt and the surrounding trees.

I cautiously approached him, trying to find any *positive* emotion in his eyes, like happiness or care, but there was only the strong sense of sadness as his eyes glistened with water. "Flamestar, please, just talk to me."

I could hear the faint sigh that he withdrew, a puff of viewable breath swirling up into the sky and dissolving into nothing. At last, he managed to meet eye contact with me. As soon as our gazes connected, I could feel his every emotion, and it overwhelmed me so much I almost had to look away. Sadness, despair, anger, selfishness, hate, fear, loneliness, and misery. My eyes started to

swell with pain for him, and I moved closer to him and placed my tail on his; "I can help you, Flamestar. I know it must seem like there is no hope no matter where you look, but there is, it's just hidden somewhere. We just have to keep searching for it, and once we find it, we'll build up your strength again and your pride. You'll be okay, it's going to be okay."

"Don't you get it, Cleardawn? There's no hope, there's no cure for this. I'm damaged goods, and that's not good enough to be a leader. I failed my clan, I failed myself." His voice shook as he spoke. I was lost for words; I didn't know what else to do anymore except sit in silence and give him comforting licks.

Only a moment passed until Flamestar pushed me away. I gave him a sympathetic look, but all he could do was stare into the distance while I just watched and waited.

I could feel my heart beating faster as he got to his paws and slowly started to walk forwards. I didn't bother to call his name, all I did was follow in his footsteps and wait for his next move.

As I cautiously waited for a few moments, a low growling started to approach over the paved hill, and a gleaming yellow light stood tall and casted a sculpted shade almost resembling the sun's crisp arrival, yet this time only frightening to see, and it got brighter as the menacing snarls got louder.

Flamestar watched calmly as it sped angrily towards them, and I scrunched back in fear and called out to the ginger tom for him to stay back because he was dangerously close, yet he didn't move.

As it got closer, Flamestar turned back to me and gave me a meaningful smile while his eyes glittered with heart-ache, then he turned back around and started strolling towards the center of the Thunderpath.

"Flamestar! No, what are you doing?" I screeched, and launched myself forwards, but it was too late.

I watched in horror as the monster slammed into Flamestar, probably crushing every bone in his body, and tumbled into a tree

and landing on its back with its black paws hanging in the air.

"No!" I yowled, pelting forward and finding Flamestar's crippled body lying beside a patch of dead grass. "No please, Flamestar you can't leave me!" I shrieked, tears streaming down my cheeks and whiskers and sinking into his blood-stained pelt.

Breath was hard to come by as I felt the sobs raking against my throat. I thought I was going to choke.

Every single memory I had with Flamestar came rushing back to me as I lay next to his lifeless body, and I could feel my bones growing weak, and my heart breaking.

I sneered through the aching tears and rested my head on his distorted shoulder. "I could've helped you... I could've helped you! Why didn't you just let me?" I whimpered, sniffling and curling his body close to mine.

I was wrapped around him for a while, mourning the loss of my best friend, having the realization strike me, and the emotions resurfacing every time after I felt like they were calmed.

Flamestar was gone, and it was my fault for not trying hard enough to save him from himself.

(hey...
so it's been like 18728338 months and I'm not going to apologize bc I had a good break. I did good things, and I feel good!
so ya, I won't be updating often, I will when
I can, so ya.
I know it was a long wait, but here it is now...
I was sad writing his death... he was one of my favs, but this was planned a long time ago.
enjoy!!
cleo✧)

Chapter 4

[image] [image] [image]

It was as if a large shaft of black light had penetrated my heart, and it's force was scratching my heart, with a ghostly whisper of cold air brushing against my prickled fur.

Flamestar, the noble leader who I had relied on, the one, the only one who was really concerned for my loss of my mother, and tried everything to help me find her, only for everything I've done to come crashing down on him, and making him cripple from the inside out.

It was almost too frightening to realize. Flamestar was *dead*, and who knows if he will be welcomed into StarClan after everything he's said about them and to them.

I was scared for his soul, the soul that was the once sweet, noble leader of FlameClan, the one who everyone looked up to and the one who everyone followed, not the sad, lonesome Flamestar, whose thoughts had eaten him up from deep inside, the one who was broken and who felt there was no fate or hope for FlameClan, or anyone, the one who didn't care about anything anymore. That wasn't Flamestar. I hope StarClan realized that, knowing who he once was and that even though it seemed there wasn't, his true self was still roaming inside him, lost, but finding a way out.

I sat, my eyes still wet from the tears of sorrow I had shed for my friend. If only I really knew what he was feeling, and that his depression was this severe.

I sighed, my breath shaky and my paws trembling. I glanced over at the monster, which was rolled over, it's face dented. I think it was dead.

I stood, fastening my teeth around Flamestar's neck fur and lifting his limp body up from the crumbly ground.

I dragged him across the Thunderpath, bolting when I heard another monster's growl approaching. As I reached the safety of the forest, I hid in a bush as I saw the monster prowl along. Soon, it stopped and my heart dropped. *It must've known one of it's own was killed!* I figured, shielding Flamestar's body behind me.

The monster stopped next to the other dead one, and it's belly opened and three Twolegs came out. My eyes widened in fear and I flattened my ears in defense even though they were no where close to where I was.

The Twolegs raced over to the dead monster, opening it's belly and dragging out two elderly twolegs who seemed to have deep gashes on their pink, shaved faces. I had a dark feeling that, they too, were dead.

I grasped Flamestar's neck once again and decided it was time to leave the area, hearing a loud yowling coming from a large, white monster, and I had a strong feeling it was headed towards the accident.

As I continued to stumble dreadfully towards the camp, the entrance to it slowly appeared into view.

I condemned the moment when I would have to walk through the camp with our leader's blood on my pelt and his disoriented body in my jaws.

A few paw steps more, and I was only mouse-lengths away from the dreadful moment of shock and despair. I took a deep sigh of breath, and weakly strolled myself and Flamestar's body into the camp.

At first, there was silence, since it was almost moon high, but then the gasping and screeches of shock sounded through the walls of the camp.

I walked until I was in the middle of the camp, and dropped his cold body onto the stone floor.

A sound of something gracefully landing buzzed in my ears, and I slowly turned my head towards it, to face Jumpingjay and his

widened eyes.

"Wha–" The deputy started, but I interrupted before he could say anymore.

"He ran into the Thunderpath. I wanted to go on a walk to get some fresh air but I saw him and I wanted to follow him just to make sure that he wouldn't do anything risky and he neared the road, he spotted me and we had a long chat about how he felt his life wasn't worth living... little did I know, as I heard the roaring of the monster approaching, he would run and get crushed by it's jaws." I huffed a breath after speaking, my head lowered and my eyes glazed with shock and grief.

The camp grew silent. A despairing air wafted up into the sky, the stench of it making my nose itch.

After a long moment of silence, Jumpingjay finally interrupted with a shaken voice, "he rests with StarClan now. I know that, because the sky is holding a bright new star for him right now. I hope he now knows our ancestors never doubted him, or FlameClan." His wise words rang across camp, touching every soul in there.

I stared up at the partly clouded sky. The moon was bright and vivid, it's silver rays beaming down in clouded patches across the forest floor, and beyond the moon shone a sparkling new star.

I could feel Flamestar's spirit staring down at me, at all of us. He found the peace he deserved.

After more moments of silence, Ashcloud and Volepaw appeared out of the darkness of the medicine cat den, their jaws stuffed with herbs and wistfully pawed over to Flamestar's beaten body.

Ashcloud dropped her pile of herbs gently onto the cold dirt surface and grabbed the dead leader's neck fur and pulled him towards an area parted by cats were they could all grieve.

Volepaw slowly made his way over to Flamestar's body, Ashcloud returning to her herbs and then quickly following behind, and they tediously decorated his body with the herbs they brought.

Soon, the two cats had finished and backed away a few mouse-lengths, then sat gruffly and bowed their heads to send their respects.

Noticing that Ashcloud and her apprentice had finished their deed, everyone started to approach Flamestar's still body and bow their heads.

I, for one, could not. I stared from a distance as I watched my Clan-mates huddle around my dead friend, while others returned back to their dens.

I couldn't come up to him, because I felt guilty. I felt I was to blame for his death, that I could've known or done something, *anything*, from preventing *this* tragic moment from ever occurring.

But it happened, and it's real. I waited for a while, watching as cats went to and fro towards his body. Soon everyone left, and Hawksoar, the only elder, weakly stumbled towards him to carry his body for burial.

I had a strong feeling of regret, and it builded up more as he got closer to him, so I stood and bolted across the camp as fast as my little legs could, my weight almost tossing me to one side.

I politely halted Hawksoar and asked for one last moment with my friend, and he grunted in annoyance, but didn't stop me, so I lied near his cold, lifeless body and rested my muzzle deep in his fur.

"I could've helped you, Flamestar. If you had just told me, this all could've just been a terrible nightmare." I whispered weakly. A tear rolled down my already wet fur and soaked into his.

Hawksoar grunted, so I lifted my head and gave one last look at Flamestar, licking him across the face, and stepping back to let the elder do his part.

As Hawksoar grabbed Flamestar's by the scruff, I noticed he was struggling, and his weak limbs were trembling from his limp weight.

I offered to help, but he sneered and ordered me away, so I did as

he said.

Hawksoar managed to carry, bury, and walk back all by himself, and I was mutually proud of him, considering he was the only elder at the moment.

I wished him a good night's rest, before retiring to the nursery and curling up near Featherfrost's nest, Snowkit and Lilykit sleeping soundly near her grey belly.

I sighed, licking my swollen belly as I felt a sharp kick penetrating me. I couldn't wait for my kits to arrive.

As I started to close my eyes, I heard a rustling from the opening of the den, and I tensed up nervously, only to breath out in relief when I made out Sparrowdusk's dark shadow.

"Hey." He whispered wistfully, curling up beside me. "How are you doing? I know Flamestar was rather close to you."

"He was." I stated flatly. "He was like my best friend, the cat I looked up to, and now he's just.. Gone." I choked on my words, my emotions climbing up my throat and begging to be released.

"Cleardawn, you have no idea how sorry I am. Flamestar was a wonderful leader, and friend." Sparrowdusk assured, wrapping his tail around my shoulders.

"He was, wasn't he?" I smiled, looking up at my worried mate.

Sparrowdusk nodded, gifting me with his charming smile and licking my ears. "Do you want me to stay with you tonight?" He offered.

I was about to deny him, but then I thought; "Yes, actually, that'd be nice." I whispered.

He licked my shoulder and stood, padding behind me and curling himself around me, his tail resting on my belly. "Now, you sleep well, love." He purred, nuzzling his face against the back of my neck.

"You too." I chuckled, resting myself against him.

My eyes closed and darkness arrived, yet my thoughts kept spinning.

I hope Flamestar wasn't being punished for all he said about StarClan, I hope he was thriving and reuniting with his loved ones he had lost from the storm and maybe earlier on from his life.

He deserves all of it. He was the only one who believed in me when no one else did.

I'll love him forever, I won't ever forget him and his faith in me.

(Hey!
I know it's been months, but I'm enjoying writing again and my life is FANTASTIC!!!
I redid my whole room and it looks amazinggg (love u mom lol)
AND i got a new kitten!!! his name is enzo and i love him. HERE ARE PICS!!

(lol my dog)

thanks for your patience!
much love❤
-Brooke (call me brooke from now on if you like, that's my real name if you didn't know))